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The Children of the Sun

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE

CHILDREN OF THE SUN

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY WAT.

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BY THE AUTHOR,

AS A TOKEN OF LOVE AND THANKFULNESS

TO HIS MOTHER,

I. B. W.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

We send forth this little volume, firmly believing that it will find a place in the homes and hearts of the people, where it will be treasured for its true worth.

W. C. KING & CO.

Springfield, Mass.
1886.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

TO him who traverses old ocean's plain,
And braves the dangers of his wide domain,
In all the world wherever he may go
Where mountains rise and foamy torrents flow,
From ocean's wave approaching any strand,
No picture rises more sublimely grand
Than that unfolded to the sailor's view
From the far waves of the Pacific blue,
Who sees in panoramic view unfurled
A southern fragment of the western world.
Colossal mountains o'er the waters rise
In rugged contour on the eastern skies,

Peak after peak, to north and south they lay,
Until remotely dim and far away,
Outlined, uncertain, filmy, and fair,
The shadowy specters of the lower air,
When distance her weird penciling has given,
They mingle with the azure tints of heaven.
A wondrous continent, where Nature's hand
Hath wrought in scale magnificent and grand;
Where noblest rivers of a planet pour
Their mighty waters on Atlantic's shore,
Where forests aboriginal extend
So many leagues they seem without an end.
The giant mangrove spreads his branches wide,
The cocoa, cinchona, and palm beside.
Through their dense covering, matted, gnarled, and gray
The cheering sunbeam never finds its way.
Around their trunks fantastically twine
The tangled network of the flowering vine.

The supple jaguar dashes through the toils,
The giant boa twines his massy coils,
And varied Nature in an artless mood
Reigns undisputed in her solitude.

Adown the Andes, where the mighty chain
In two Cordilleras is rent in twain ;
Between its masses sweeping far away
A mountain valley in its beauty lay.
The fairest spot a continent has known,
It claims a climate that is all its own.
While burning summer lies upon the plain,
Where stately palms are bordering the main,
And swaying vines and feathery cocoa trees
Wave their light pinions to the ocean breeze ;
While winter muffles as a gloomy shroud
Sierra's summits far above the cloud,
Where sunlight flashes on eternal snow

Unchanged, untrodden, while the ages flow,
This lovely valley in its deep repose,
Nor scorching heat nor gloomy winter knows.
But flowers bloom and feathered warblers sing
Amid the verdure of eternal spring.
And here sequestered, years and years ago,
Where partial Nature's richest bounties flow,
From the resplendent orb of heaven sprung,
A noble people lived, and loved, and sung.
Their city, prosperous and happy then,
Filled up the bosom of the mountain glen.
The fairest city on its sloping side,
The Holy City, the Peruvian's pride,
From which intelligence and culture flowed,
And wealth and luxury had their abode.
When was it built? And how? We may not know,
For that was many, many years ago,
And myth, tradition, fable, mystery,

Have settled darkly round its history.

We only know that from the mountain lake,

Where grows the ivy and the rustling brake,

Came Manco Capac and his sister wife,

To give Peru a grander, nobler life.

The sun, the parent of the human race,

With deep compassion on his beaming face,

These his loved children to the people gave,

To teach, reclaim, to civilize, and save.

And now proceeded the celestial pair

O'er mountain height and valley green and fair.

Far to the north their sacred journey lay,

Far through the lovely valley of Yucay.

The mighty condor circled overhead,

The hollow passes echoed to their tread,

And oft they heard descending from the hill

The liquid murmur of the mountain rill.

Low musical its poppling waters fell

In the deep pool the Naiads love so well:
And often, startled, from their coverts leap,
Amazed and timid, the Peruvian sheep.
The blooming valleys, opening one by one,
Invited on the Children of the Sun.
But Cuzco's valley, which they saw at last,
All other beauties they had seen surpassed.
A tropic sun in clearly mellow light
Now bathed the valley beautifully bright,
And warmly fell on velvet grassy slopes
The promised guerdon of their fears and hopes.
They bore a wedge whose talismanic spell
Would soon the destiny of a people tell.
The sacred emblem was to show the place
To found the city of a heaven-born race.
And when at last the travelers, weary, gain
The northern border of the mountain plain,
The wedge of gold from out the willing hand

Sank deep forever in the fertile land.
This hallowed spot the father-God had given
To raise his altars to a smiling heaven,
To found a city where the lavish hand
Of nature beautified a chosen land.
The noblest city since the world began,
Beloved of God and very dear to man.
News of their coming rumored far and near;
The simple people lent the willing ear;
Tribe after tribe they gathered one by one,
And built the Holy City of the Sun.
Their rule extended o'er the mountains wide,
The son succeeded when the father died.
Beneath the Incas' mild and loving sway
Melted the years in centuries away,
And peace and plenty and content caress
The spot a Deity had deigned to bless.

One day the sun, descending in the west,
Far o'er the waters lit the frozen crest
Of dim Sierra, towering on high,
A mighty link between the earth and sky.
Beyond the height his mellow splendor fell,
And cheered the valley that he loved so well.
The Sacred City with his luster glows,
Where many an altar to his worship rose.
Huayna Capac was the Inca then,
And from the ocean to the mountain glen,
In humble huts and palaces of stone,
Throbbed every bosom for their king alone.
They knew no duty but the Inca's sway,
His to command, theirs only to obey.
What means the throng upon the mountain road
On every side that to the city flowed?
And why has Cuzco thrown open wide
Her massive portals to the coming tide?

To-morrow's morning they would see begun
The feast of Raymi to the summer sun.
From distant borders of the mighty land,
From where old ocean on a burning strand
Dashes his billows, from the mountain side,
From the rude cabin where the waters glide
In beauty by upon a shining strand,
The pebbly shingle and the golden sand,
From north and south and from the west and east
They meet to celebrate the summer feast.
A motley throng upon the way appear
The shepherd, peasant, and the mountaineer.
The eager pilgrim from a distant shore
Has passed the flood and toiled the valley o'er,
Has crossed the chasm's deep and awful night
Till brain grew dizzy with the giddy height,
And scaled the crags of each opposing peak
Until he faltered and his arm grew weak.

At last he stands upon the mountain brow
And Cuzco's valley is beneath him now.
Footsore and weary, wan and travel-stained,
The goal is won, Peruvian Mecca gained,
And heaves his bosom as his glances trace
The noble city in the vale's embrace.
The granite walls encompassing about,
The triple towers of the fortress stout,
That ne'er discloses to the wily foe
The subterranean galleries below.
The low-ranged buildings radiantly bright,
Like silvery lines of systematic light,
With darker spaces of the streets between.
And further on upon the heights are seen
The Inca palaces, the wealth displayed—
Their corner-stones in molten gold were laid.
In some the bustling busy life appears ;
Some, dumb and silent for a hundred years.

Glitters without the customary show,
Within, the dust of many years ago.
Their mummied owners in the temple lay,
And mothy tinsel moulders to decay.
A narrow river through the city flowed,
And far beyond, upon a shining road,
Till onward, onward in the dim unknown
The vast beyond appearing vaster grown,
At last it mingles in the mighty tide,
Earth's grandest river rolling deep and wide.
The Hill of Joy beyond the river lies,
Where bright succeeding terraces arise.
The breath of blossoms many hued and fair
Is floating ever from its broad parterre.
To southward spreads the noble vale away
With foliage bright and with its blossoms gay.
Cordilleran masses in a mighty chain,
As guardian barriers of the mountain plain

Surrounding all, the borders of the skies
Like some vast amphitheater arise;
Whose deep arena lying low between
Is softly carpeted in Nature's green.
For miles away the noble vale was sprent
With myriad homes in plenty and content.
The polished granite of their facades shone
Reflecting back the splendor of the sun.
And shining streamlets through the valley stray,
Like silvery serpents winding on their way,
Harmless in beauty by the homes of men,
Their limpid waters irrigate the glen.
So clear the air above the valley lay
The "Holy Height," a hundred miles away,
Snow-capped and lofty as an outpost high
Of mystic cloudland, towers to the sky
In empyrean majesty and grace,
As ruling spirit of an holy place.

And to the eastward spread a rugged tract,
The rock, the grove, the rumbling cataract,
In blended harmony they sweetly lie
Beneath the azure of a tropic sky.
The gentle breezes through the valley bring
The hum of bees and fountains' murmuring.
The sun descending in his lustrous flight
Had lit no grander, nor a prouder sight
Than that rich valley beautiful and wide,
That shining city on the mountain side.
The darkling crags their rugged outline throw
In protean shadows on the vale below.
The beaming sun in majesty and state
Now lit the gold upon the western gate,
And kissed a farewell to the Inca bowers,
But longer lit the Cyclopean towers,
Paused for a moment on the mountain height,
Then sunk away and left a tropic night.

'Tis morn, but ere the sacred orb of day
Shines o'er the mountains in the far away,
In Cuzco's plaza where he was adored
A mingled throng of wôrshipers had poured.
The Indian courtiers in apparel rare,
With costly ornaments and jeweled hair,
Vied with each other in the quaint array,
The pomp and pageant of the festal day.
The rustic peasant and the shepherd dressed
In coarser mantle, to the plaza pressed.
Above the sedans of the rich and great
By menials borne were canopies of state.
And in the center of the square was seen
The sacred Inca in his palanquin,
Whose regal habiliment in every fold
Blazed rich with jewel, emerald and gold.
Peru had waited for the rising sun
Since first gray streaking of the day begun,

And watched in mute expectancy the throng
The vermeil pathway he would pass along.
But when he burst upon their eager sight,
And bathed the turrets in his golden light,
Pealed from the throng in momentary glee
One simultaneous shout of jubilee.
A hundred thousand in the wild refrain
Made the fair city tremble with the strain.
The pipe, the timbrel, and the drum combined
With strange inventions of the Indian mind,
Swelled loud and louder the triumphal cry
That made no pause for echo to reply.
Their arms they lifted to the shining height
As to embrace the clear and holy light,
And kissed the ether limpid, pure, and free,
As 'twere the raiment of a Deity.
The Inca offered to the sun divine
A golden vase of consecrated wine.

The first observance of the day begun,
He sought the street and Temple of the Sun.
In rich profusion was the shining way
With flowers strewn and with banners gay,
And, followed closely by the mighty throng,
Who now unsandaled march the street along,
Majestic priests with solemn visage trod,
And bore the offerings to the Inti-God.
The opal, jasper, emerald, were there,
Rubies and fruits and flowers bright and fair,
Sweet scented spices, blossoms of agave,
Shells brightly tinted from the ocean wave.
But one alone of all the human tide
Might pass the portals of the Temple wide.
The Inca entered, o'er the pavement trod,
And knelt before the image of his God.
While weary centuries had come and gone
In solemn stillness it had looked upon

The prostrate kings of generations past,
But fate decreed *this king* would be the last.
Art's finest touches had been summoned here
To paint and gild, to sculpture and veneer.
The sheen of sunlight through the ample door
Flashed full across the tessellated floor,
And gleamed with dazzling and holy light
On his own image radiantly bright
Emblazoned broad upon the western wall
In massive gold. The cornices and all
The fluted columns, crusted heavy o'er
With virgin gold from summit to the floor,
Reflected back the empyrean beams
In floods of glory, radiating streams.
Thick-sprinkled jewels flashed upon the eye,
Like shining stars upon a golden sky,
Surpassing lovely, dazzling to behold,
The Coricancha is a mine of gold.

A few more Raymis on the mortal shore,
A few more joys and passing sorrows o'er,
The Indian monarch with his labor done
Was called away to mansions of the sun.
A wave of sorrow o'er the nation spread,
Unnumbered mourners wept the noble dead.
The Inca's son, his favorite and pride,
The brave Atalpa, ever by his side,
In war or peace, Tacomez or Yucay,
Now ruled in Quito, to the north away.
The elder, Husar, haughty, proud, and vain,
Was left in old Peruvia to reign.
In lovely peace a few brief summers close,
Then anger, hatred, jealousy, arose,
And blind ambition, scantily concealed,
Impelled the brothers to the fatal field.
Atalpa's sword in devastation fell

On fair Peru, his father ruled so well.
At Quipaypan the mighty armies met
While dew was sparkling on the grasses yet.
The fierce Peruvians on the Quitans bore,
Like ocean billows on a rocky shore.
Flecked was the valley with the purple gore.
No petty province urged them to the fray,
The mighty empire was at stake to-day;
And towering upward, lofty and serene,
The mighty Andes looked upon the scene
Of death and carnage raging at its base,
And frowned with porphyry and granite face.
Never before had banner of the Sun
Been borne to battle but the day was won.
Now spears and arrows like the-driving rain
Were poured on Quito's battlements in vain.
The Sun-God, sinking in the western sky,
Saw Quito conquer, the Peruvians fly.

And gentle night her somber mantle spread
Above the dying, and the silent dead.

Atalpa lay at Caxamalca now,
Glittering his eye and feverish his brow;
The gloomy hours of the fateful day
Had rolled in dull uncertainty away;
Incessant glancing in the dim afar
To catch the first fleet messenger of war,
That should the tidings of the battle bring,
His hopeless ruin, or proclaim him king.
And such a brink did ever mortal know?
Bright heights above, a yawning gulf below;
Effulgent temples, palaces, and throne,
A mighty empire would be his alone,
Or no scant nook in all the land so fair
To shield a ruined renegade's despair.

And hope and fear alternately possessed
A transient triumph in his troubled breast.

The day was past, the draperies of night
Girded the valley and the mountain height,
But yet no tidings of the battle came
To quench the tireless, consuming flame
Of dull suspense that preyed upon his soul,
The doubt and passion baffling control.
Another day, another night appear,
Each lagging hour was a gloomy year,
And supplications for a victory won
From pallid lips ascended to the sun.
Another day had melted in the past,—
What! News of battle! Has it come at last?
A herald, bursting from the mountain height,
Sped down the valley like a beam of light,
Nor paused a moment for the mighty tide

Of mountain torrent, fathomless and wide.
One mighty effort, as the supple deer
He dashes onward in his fleet career,
But pressing nearer to the city walls,
He reels—he staggers—heavily he falls.
And those who hastened eagerly to lave
The reeking forehead from the crystal wave,
Pitying, shuddered at the soulless eye
That glanced them no intelligent reply,
The mouth compressed that might forever seal
The fated word none other could reveal,
Uncertain pulses and the shallow breath,
The visage ghastly with the hues of death.
All anxious lest the faintest whisper slip
That truant sense might fashion on his lip.
The first low murmur of the faltering tongue
Was caught. Its echo o'er the valley rung,
And loud and wild, voluminous and free,

Arose the shout : "Atalpa's victory."
His proudest dream was verified at last,
The hazard over and the struggle past,
The triumph perfect and for him alone
The ancient empire and his father's throne.
The low-fringed borla round his forehead drew,
And Quito's prince was Inca of Peru.

The curious working of the human breast
Can well be felt but hardly be expressed.
It labors long and earnestly to clasp
A prize that withers in the eager grasp,
Be it a kingdom or a simpler joy,
'Tis yet the same, a transitory toy.
And with the longed for victory attained
There's yet a *something* that is *never* gained.
Some canker lurks in pleasure's soft caress,
No heart can boast its unalloyed success.

The prize is won, but howsoever fair,
Some hoped-for quality is wanting there.
We seek in vain some fascinating hue
Anticipation pictured to our view.

Despite the scepter of a mighty land,
Held now so firmly in Atalpa's hand,
A deep foreboding lingered in his breast,
A nameless sadness, and a vague unrest,
For which his diadem could ill repay,
Or gay festivities dispel away.
The deep hosannas echoed wild and glad.
The people shouted, he alone was sad.

A storm was brooding o'er the gloomy waste
Of Southern Ocean, and the billows chased
Along in tireless and sullen flow

O'er coral caves and algæ deep below.
In those dark waters rolling wild and strong
Labored a Spanish galleon along,
Freighted with death and desolating woe
For that fair land, that paradise below.
The dark-eyed, sturdy soldiery of Spain
But little recked the heaving of the main.
Life was to them the trifle of a day,
Theirs to enjoy, and theirs to fling away.
Wild for adventure, if it only lies
In paths that savor of a golden prize,
Anticipation imaged every day
A siren halo round their stormy way;
And every night each ragamuffin there
In realms of vision was a millionaire,
And saw assured, beyond the Andes' chain,
An El Dorado easy to attain,
That led at last to devastation dire,
Through seas of blood and desolating fire.

The little vessel on a shining strand
Grated her keel and poured her blighting band.
Beside the ocean, spreading far away,
A narrow strip of emerald verdure lay.
Abrupt beyond the cultivated plain
Arose the towering Cordilleran chain.
The valley traversed to the mountain side,
They crossed the chasm and the torrent's tide;
Plunged in the deep and ominous ravine,
Where nature's wildest carnival is seen.
Luxuriant grasses o'er the teeming ground,
And rank, lush creepers radiate around.
The gliding serpent was a tenant there,
Rainbow-hued parrots glitter in the air.
Thankful, at last the travelers emerged,
And up the height their fiery spirits urged
Their weary bodies; up the beetle-browed
And rugged cliff they clamber to the cloud.

The airy defile of the mountain passed,
They gain the frozen pinnacle at last.
With glittering eye and countenance aglow,
They strain their vision in the depths below,
Nor linger where Omnipotence has thrown
The shroud of winter in a torrid zone;
But down the east declivity they pour,
In haste to pass its difficulties o'er.
Pizarro's spirit never failed to cheer
The jaded footman and the cavalier.
Long days of labor, and the little band
Has gained the valley and the promised land.
Advancing over Caxamalca's street,
The earliest clatter of the charger's feet,
From pavement dull, reverberated through
Forsaken mart, unpeopled avenue.
The gloomy wall was welcomer alone;
The nest was empty and the bird had flown.

There settled darkly o'er the mountain plain
A cheerless night with pattering of rain.
The storm-rack hurried ominously by
Above the city, in the lurid sky.
The little force was bivouacked to-night
'Mid danger, cunning, barbarism, might.
Did some vague sense, some relative of fear,
Assail the bosom of the cavalier,
Who left the sunny scenery of Spain
To hazard all upon the gloomy plain
Of Cassamarca? On the city tower
The weary sentinel beguiled the hour
In vague conjecture. From the lofty height
Far glanced in weird obscurity of night
His piercing vision. On the plain below
No fancy paints a visionary foe,
But camp-fires twinkle in the valley nigh,
As jewels glitter in a vesper sky.

The morning dawned, the monarch of the day
Rolled o'er the valley in his shining way,
Dispelling from its pinnacle on high,
The last dull cloud that tarried in the sky.
No lighter bounds, hilarious with pride,
The glad young bosom of the charming bride,
Who hears the chiming of the marriage bell
Proclaim her pleasure to the rural dell,
Than Spanish bosom when the trumpet-screams
Dispel the unreality of dreams,
And call to arming in the city square,
To wait the coming of the Inca there.
Pizarro's plan of perfidy and crime,
The foulest in the history of time.
In vain they waited his approaching soon,
And morning faded into afternoon.
At last he came ; the retinue of state
Was seen advancing in the city gate.

With crest and banner waving in the breeze,
With royal livery and panoplies,
On through the streets the melody of song
Rolled with the tide of gayety along.
But when they crowded in the city square,
The song of triumph died upon the air.
The Inca seated on a throne of gold
Looked round the plaza eager to behold
The daring spirits of a foreign land.

Spanish priest, advancing, took his stand
Before the monarch, with the sacred Book,
Beseeching that with favor he would look
Upon his comrades and their faith beside.
He told the story of the Crucified,
And how his deputy, the Pope, to Spain
Had given that American domain.
Then paused the friar, and the monarch's eye
Flashed scorn and fire as he made reply:

"I will be no man's tributary slave
In this free land my God and fathers gave.
And no allegiance will I ever own
To any being but my God alone.
For even by the creatures that his hand
Had formed and nourished in a favored land
Your own Divinity, as you proclaim,
Was put to death in infamy and shame.
But mine,"—he pointed to the sun on high
And flood of glory in the western sky,—
"But mine, eternal as the heavens blue,
Looks down upon his children of Peru."

And scarce Pizarro in impatience heard
From his interpreter the closing word,
A snowy banner from his bosom drew
And waved the signal fatal to Peru.
From every by-way, avenue, and hall

The Spanish masses hurried to the call.
No pulse of pity in that hardy throng,
The war-cry echoes universal, strong.
With pike and musket and the flashing brand
They fell upon the unoffending band.
The stripling soldier and the veteran form
Went down together in the whelming storm.
Each fell destroyer with the cannon's breath
Plowed ghastly lanes of havoc and of death.
Its volleyed thunders, resonant and loud,
Betray the vulture poised upon the cloud,
Fill every corner of the valley wide,
Defile and cavern of the mountain side,
And start the vampire, ere the day has left,
From his dark hiding in the rocky cleft.
Resistless, helpless, with a stony gaze,
Dumb with despair and stricken with amaze,
And blinded, stifled, as the sulphurous smoke

In darksome volumes o'er the slaughter broke,
The Indian throng, bewildered, gaze around,
While lifeless bodies thud upon the ground.
At last they struggle frantic with despair,
But neither refuge nor escape was there,
For every passage to the open plain
Was choked with masses of the gory slain.
By mighty pressure on the plaza wall
Its stony masses totter, and they fall.
The few survivors o'er the ruins leap,
With desperation o'er the valley sweep.
The war-horse followed o'er the fatal plain,
His hoof was gory with the blood of slain.
At every glitter of the saber's sway
Another life was left to gush away;
It purpled flowers on the sloping hill,
And blushed the bosom of the laughing rill.

Meantime the nobles, in a loyal ring
Around the sedan of the Indian king,
Wild to protect their venerated lord,
With naked bosoms intercept the sword.
'Tis vain. The murderous and reeking hand
Cut through the noble and devoted band;
Rude tore the Inca from his royal place,
And dragged him o'er the ruins of his race.
And at the clanging of his prison door
He threw himself upon the stony floor,
Deceived, betrayed, and solitary there,
With keen remorse and passionate despair;
Bewildered yet, but sensing to his cost
The bitter fact that everything was lost,
With gnashing teeth and quivering lip he lay
And smothered curse, he groaned the night away.

The early morning paled away the stars,
And golden sunlight through the prison bars

Streamed on his agony and suffering,
But brought no solace to the prisoned king.
The same to him whichever held its sway,
The gloom of night or glory of the day.

At last, through clouds of desolation, shine
The rays of hope, a light almost divine.
Pizarro bargained for a mighty fee
To draw the bolts and set the monarch free.
And at the bidding of the captive king,
The willing porters from the coffers bring
The golden treasure, glittering and vast
Accumulation of the toilsome past.
Millions on millions of the shining hoard
Into the Spanish treasury are poured;
The grandest ransom ever tortured forth
From any prince or potentate on earth.

At last the golden penalty was paid,
But still the time of freedom was delayed.

The weary days rolled melancholy o'er,
Each day as barren as the day before,
Till jealous doubt was brooding in the air,
And doubt gave way to dolorous despair;
The morn of hope, erst beautiful and bright,
Gloomed into evening, deepened into night.
No greater height could misery attain,
No lower depth could desperation gain.

One day Atalpa on a divan cast
Was thinking, dreaming of the joyous past,
When hurried feet upon the pavement rung,
The bolts were drawn, widely open flung
His prison door. The cavalierros came
To crown their course of infamy and shame.
What desperadoes in his prison rolled,
Thirsty for blood and passionate for gold!
Eyes that were blind to sorrow or distress,

Rough-dealing hands that knew no tenderness.
A single glance upon the traitors cast,
Atalpa knew his destiny at last.

At eve, the night bird crooned her plaintive strain
O'er a lone grave in Cassamarca's plain.
Only a shallow, rudely-fashioned grave;
Around, the daisies and the grasses wave,
But hope, ambition, love and hate, despair,
Heart-sickening anguish, all are buried there.

O'er fair Peru has brooded dearth and gloom
Since her last monarch withered in the tomb.
The gentle scepter from the Inca hand
Has passed away forever from the land.
And in her temples, plundered and defiled,
No longer worships the Peruvian child;
For stranger feet are traversing the floors,

And stranger voices echo at the doors,
And where the image of the Sun-God smiled
Now stands the marble Virgin and the Child.
The sun, as ever, in his shining way
Awakes the morn and closes up the day.
But now, unworshiped by the simple throng,
Ungreeted by the melody of song.

VERY LONG.

"SO very long," said the little boy,
"To sit in the school-house old and gray,
When I like so much to be at play;
It's oh so hard!" said the little boy.
But he turned his eyes to the dog-eared book,
Forgot his master, stern and cold,
Unconscious how the moments rolled.
He finished the task he undertook,
And when 'twas over his merry song
Declared it wasn't so very long.

"So very long," he said one day,
"To wait till I become a man."
But he scarcely saw how the moments ran,

Till he found him far on manhood's way;
And there came a time when his eyes grew dim,
The wavering pulse and failing breath
Threatening dull decay and death,
Life's joys and sorrows were naught to him.
And the faltering voice that erst was strong
Said, "Life itself is not very long."

Beyond a river that darksome rolled,
In a land where shining fountains play,
A soul was welcomed home one day
By angels touching their harps of gold.
In the presence of Him who died to save,
Earth's tears and struggles are no more
To him who walks the blessed shore,
By the river of life with crystal wave.
For it matters not to the ransomed throng
Whether Life's day be short or long.

MODERN FIDELITY.

FROM the stormy coast of her native land
She gazed far o'er the blue,
Where the waves dashed up in splendor grand.
Her garments, on the cold sea sand,
Were damped with ocean's dew.

She loved to come at the close of day,
And hear the billows roar,
And watch the foaming, seething spray,
Where her sailor lover had sailed away
To India's distant shore.

And now a memory surged her mind;
One standing fair and tall
Where erst the flowery jessamine
Had draped in happy days lang syne
A cottage garden wall.

They stood when day was but begun,
Beside the wall of stone;
But when the west—the dipping sun—
Betokened that the day was done
She rested there alone.

She wondered if he thought, to-night,
Of loving friends at home;
Did he keep the curl so brown and bright
That he severed from its mates the night
He left that cottage home?

Tho' chill winds swept the rocky height,
She lingered by the sea,

And watched till the somber wings of night
Had borne away the fading light
In the waves of eternity.

* * * * *

On India's distant shore was he,
Not fondling her auburn curl,
Not thinking of loved ones o'er the sea,
But kissing, beneath a banyan tree,
A cross-eyed Hindoo girl.

* * * * *

She wearily waited and sadly prayed
For a glimpse of his azure blouse,
Till she heard, and rather than be a maid,
She married a peddler of decent grade,
And went to keeping house.

'Twas a little cottage she had to keep;
It stood beside the main;

And oft she watched the troubled deep,
When night-winds cradled the waves asleep,
And thought of her love again.

"It might have been," she murmured low,
Tear mists her blue eyes dim;
And the sea birds sweeping to and fro,
The fitful shadows that come and go,
Too oft remind of him.

'Tis ever thus. Friends change, apart;
Stern absence gives a weary pain,
And gossip wings the fatal dart
To rend the sinking, hopeless heart
Of one who waits in vain.

And love's a sacred thing that few,
Ah, very few may share;
And lovers to-day are not half so true
As romance pictures them out to you,
O maiden with golden hair.

And your Jimmy or Sammy, John or Carl,
So noble, kind, and true,
Keeps a wistful eye upon the girl
With golden papa or brighter curl
The while they cherish you.

But let not this dishearten you;
Accept the trust that's given;
For love that's truly pure and true
Can never, never be for you
This side the ports of Heaven.

MACDONALD'S LAMENT.*

O GLAD was the day when in childhood I wandered
O'er Scotland's loved heather, so joyous and free,
And followed the way of the brook that meandered,
To list to its song as it flow'd to the sea.

O happy the days that so fleetly pass'd o'er me,
I mourn for the moments that now are no more;
I mourn for the friends who have pass'd on before me,
Whose voices on earth I shall hear nevermore.

Those angelic parents whose memory I've cherished
For wisdom and virtue crown'd each honest brow,
With them all ambitious desires have perished—
Earth holds nothing more that is dear to me now.

* At the massacre of Glencoe, Scotland, in 1692, Macdonald escaped while his parents and many of his friends perished.

The hopes that I held while in Life's merry morning
Have faded away like the bow in the sky;
The hope that is left me is bright and adorning
Of meeting my parents immortal on high.

I fear not the touch of death's terrible finger,
Nor fear I the surge of the dark river's tide;
When by the loved grave of my sire I linger,
I long for the time when I'll lie by his side.

And for my loved mother to-day I am yearning,
E'en now I remember instruction she gave;
But now that loved form back to dust is returning,
And heather grows over her long-silent grave.

Old Scotland's fine scenery of valleys and mountains,
Its flowerets so gay with delicious perfume;
Loch Katrine's calm breast and the rills and the fountains
Receive not my heed like my parents' cold tomb.

The whistling winds thro' the wild rocks resounding,
The waves that are lashing my loved native shore,
Seem to chant a sad dirge for my heart as they're bounding,
For sorrow shall reign in this heart evermore.

THE COMET.

O WILLFUL wanderer of the starry waste
We greet thee from realms infinite and vast.
Methinks, with all thy speed
Rushing by systems in thy maddened flight,
And suns which are to us but twinkling stars,
Coming to ours at last, and in thy haste
Pausing to give us but one glimpse of thee,
Thou'rt lost amid a wilderness of stars.
Art thou a stranger here, or, as we think,
Swept through our system many times before?
Perchance in many, many years agone,
When our loved land o'ershadowed wide
With forest giants of a thousand years
Was walked by other men, or red or white
We do not know nor may we ever tell,

The giant power of the East strode forth
And dashed to earth the massive masonry
That long had girt about Jerusalem,
And then, perchance, the Roman in his might
Turned for an instant from the scene of flame
And gore that crimsoned for a time the hill
Of fated Zion, and beheld thy gleam
Above Rome's eagles conquering and proud.
And yet again, perchance, when haughty Rome
Tottered upon her hills—when Huns and Goths
And Vandals barbarous, from cabins rude,
From Alpine snows and winding Danube, came,
And poured their desolating hordes on Rome,
Like dashing billows on the ocean's shore,
The clang of Roman arms on ruder rung;
A shout, a struggle, inward poured the tide,
The Empire of the West has passed away.
And hast thou shone o'er stormy scenes,
O Comet, wandering when the earth was young,
And wilt thou circle closer round the sun,

And dash to him at last and close
Thine eyes of fire, and thy bright career,
And leave us wondering at thy ways unknown ?
E'en as the sage philosopher has said,
We stand upon old Ocean's golden strand
And gather pebbles as a thoughtless child,
And o'er the boundless deep beyond we gaze,
We only gaze amazed and know no more.
The gazing through the glass can only give
Yearning for sight and knowledge more profound ;
Fain would we leave the earth and moon behind,
And leave the sun and all his circling host,
And soar as on Thought's pinions far away,
And sweeping through the corridors of space,
And traversing the broad ethereal field,
Behold, while hurrying by, the Milky Way,
The Pleiades, Orion, and the nebulæ,
Which now we know in changeful vague imagery.
The double stars, which seem almost as one
From regious incomparably remote,

Will sever to a space that words alone
Fail hopelessly to tell, nor can
Imagination fathom its extent.
While teeming millions on a myriad worlds
Pause while we hurry to the great beyond,
And wondering behold thy sweeping train,
As on mysterious through space it glides
Its vast proportions. Then the glittering gems
Which stud the realms of ethereal space
Will grow to suns, round which new worlds
All silently their ponderous fabrics sweep,
So awful, vast, incomprehensible;
And yet those worlds and ours are but drops
And atoms in the ocean of infinity,
And man's an insect on a little ball
Placed by the Hand divine upon a path
Obscure and little in His universe.
And now, O Comet, take me back to earth,
Yea, back to little nothingness and pride
I cannot, will not tempt thee farther on.

BEE EYE'S ADDRESS TO HIS SISTER.

I DREAMED of home, my sister,
When evening shadows fall,
Where the peaceful time of summer
Throws its mantle over all.
I dreamed of home just as it was
Ere I had thought to go
And leave the scenes we cherished
In the days of long ago.

I often hear the birdies
That sing amid the grove;
They remind me of the birdies
In the trees we used to love;
Tho' sweet they sing the old-time song,
And flutter to and fro,

No birdies swing as sweetly
As the birds of long ago,

As oft I sit and ponder
None sees but One above,
And I yearn again to wander
'Mid the scenes we used to love,
To lay Life's duties all aside
And for a moment know
The pure and hallowed pleasure
That was ours long ago.

With bright associations
Far from our early home
In the wide, wide world there's pleasure
Wheresoever I may roam,
But brighter, dearer, happier
The joys we used to know,
O bonnie Annie Laurie,
In the home of long ago.

PEDAGOGICAL COGITATIONS.

O BIRCHEN tickler from the forest shade,
I sing thy praises ever fresh and new,
A trusty helper in my school you've made,
And great the credit I ascribe to you.

And thou art no respecter, in thy way,
Of persons. On the taper, lily hand
Of the fair maiden, I have seen thee play,
And do thy work impressively and grand,

As well as on the rough and horny palm
Of some young Neptune from the wave's caress,
Who came and wintered in his native clime,
To impress the people with his worthlessness.

And thou hast labored on the urchin fist,
Adorned with warts, and nails in mourning all,
And grimy dirt that soap and water missed,
When closed the sardine factory in the fall.

Let others talk of ways and methods new
To still the yagger in the school or church,
But no persuader can compare with you,
Time-honored, pacifying forest birch.

* * * * *

Ah! little scholar, you may never know
How very sorry teacher is to see
Your freckled face with bitter tears aflow,
And stay the current of your childish glee.

And though, to-day, you cannot understand,
Though inconsistent, it is surely true,
The marks upon the dirty little hand
Will be a blessing in the end to you.

FAREWELL.

I BID my native land farewell
With deep regret and saddened heart,
I feel a gloom I cannot tell
To know that we are soon to part.

Indifferent may the stranger's eye
On those familiar sights be cast,
That would in me awake a sigh
And stir the memory of the past.

I leave those cherished scenes to-day,
For hope resplendent gleams before,
Changes I know will have their sway
Ere I return to go no more.

Perchance when aged, wan, and worn,
And Time's deep furrows mark my brow,

I'll seek the land where I was born,
And view the scenes I cherish now.

And leaning on a staff I'll tread
With faltering step and heaving chest
The paths my bounding feet have sped,
When early fire burned in my breast.

Perchance beneath a coffin lid
Life's battles over—who can tell?—
This worn-out body shall be hid
Beneath the sod I loved so well.

I may see many a blooming shore
And flowing river broad and grand,
Thy memory yet shall cheer me more,
My loved, my cherished native land.

Changes may mark a future day,
The ocean may between us roll,
But time can never wear away
The early memories of the soul.

LAMENT FOR DAVY.

I'M standing by the garden gate, I'm waiting for some cake,
I've fasted every day, Davy, since you made your farewell bake.
I've seen your old white nag, Davy, go up and down the street,
I've heard the tinkling of the bells and clatter of his feet.
He scarcely looks so happy as he did in days of yore,
There's a sad expression in his eye I never saw before;
His nose hangs very low, Davy, and his white sides often shake
With a big internal sigh, Davy, as he brings the pies and cake.

I guess he must be thinking, while jogging to and fro,
Of a better place hereafter, where all good horses go—
Where they raise no bread and pastry but oats in plenty grow.
But he pulls the same red pung, Davy, along the same old track,
With "bread" and "cake" marked on the side, and "pastry" on the back;
And he jogs, and jogs, and jogs along, and the bells swing to and fro,
And he jogs, and jogs, and jogs along, just like he used to go.
Like faith this is the evidence of things I cannot see—
The substance of things hoped for, of things that cannot be;
For now a stranger daily mounts the place you used to take.
I'm waiting for some cake, Davy, I'm waiting for some cake,

I'm waiting for your cake, Davy, I'm waiting for it still,
For Davy's, I've an aching void, no other cake can fill.
I used to think as on you went with nature kind and clever,
Like Alfred's brook of which we read that you'd go on forever.
But now, alas! the scene is changed, on this cold April day
I'll sadly pull my ear-tabs down and trudge along the way.
Davy, we miss your smiling face, we long your hand to take,
We honor your good principles — but oh — the pies and cake.

MAGGIE.

[FROM A STORY IN HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

DARK the world to-night and wildly
Torrents down the falling rain,
Sad my heart responds and mildly
As it plashes on the pane,
For I'm desolate and lonely,
Mists are gathering in my eye,
And I yearn for Maggie only,
Maggie of the days gone by.

Once when tempest roared above me
One was seated by my side,
And with her the one to love me
Looked I out upon the tide,

And when lightning glittered brightly,
With its weirdly transient shine
Both her little hands "lay lightly
And confidingly in mine."

But a phantom, grim and stately,
Frowned upon us from the air
And I looked and wondered greatly
Maggie could not see it there,
For her eyes were opened mildly
When the levin lit the storm,
While my bosom beating wildly
Felt a strangely vague alarm.

Ah! that mocking phantom reft us,
Cruel blew the icy blast,
Only memories it left us—
Treasures of the hallowed past.

Sparkling eyes have dimmed with sorrow,
Ruby lips have lost their glow,
Hopes have found no bright to-morrow
Since we parted long ago.

Still the world is dark and dreary,
Still in torrents falls the rain,
Still my aching heart is weary
As it plashes on the pane,
Still I'm desolate and lonely,
Mists are gathering in my eye,
And I yearn for Maggie only,
Maggie of the days gone by.

COLLEGE POEMS.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

THAT PĪANĀY.

MUSIC hath charms, I will admit,
When circumstances favor it.
To pass the merry hours along
I love the sportive college song,
The locust on the railroad tie,
Or "U-pi-dee" or old "Phi Chi,"
And with my spirits blithe and gay,
I love the festive pianay.

* * * * *

At thirty minutes after ten
We tumble into bed, and then
Just as we glide in sleep elysian,
The 'habitants of South Division,

We rouse, an audience to be
To strains of midnight melody.
Great Zeus! I think the devil must play
That number 'leven pianay.

O! give the Thomas cat instead,
That used to warble on the shed
And try with super-feline power
To render terrible the hour.
He howled so loud in midnight calm,
I thought he'd bust his diaphragm.
Yet give him back but take away
That sleep-distracting pianay.

Or give the hurdy-gurdy man,
Surrounded by the yagger clan,
For he comes only in the day,
Yea, give a cent and let him play

And let him turn with all his might.
But in the stilly hours of night
Don't craze my sleep, Orpheus, I pray,
With that confounded pianay.

It isn't that I mind the song,
Which may flow merrily along,
In fact it may be most divine,
With "Bingo Farm" or "Baby Mine,"
Or "Bonnie on the Sea" so grand,
And rendered by a Dexterous hand,
Yet agony no tongue can say
Lurks in that hideous pianay.

SAM AND THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

ONE pleasant day in early May,
A grinder came along the way
To play his little song,
The eager heads were popping out,
North College trembled with the shout,
"Come, grinder, come along."

Sam heard the racket in his den
And started for the door, and then,
"Hi dar, you, get away."
"Come on, come on," the echoing cheer
Sam heard, and got right on his ear,
As slangy people say.

He met the grinder on the walk
And had a somewhat violent talk
Around the music box,
But who on earth would e'er suppose
That Sam would smite him on the nose,
Or pluck his raven locks!

Great Zeus! it was a fearful fray
And wild the battle shout, when they
Begin to scratch and pull,
For quite a radius round, the air
Was black with snarls of flying hair
And Ethiopian wool.

The grinder's organ looked as tho'
A cyclone, mule, or tornado
Had dashed it on the loam;
He shouldered it at last when beat,
Then hobbled feebly down the street,
And Sam went limping home.

THE FRESHMAN'S MONODY.

A TIRED Freshman, thin and weak,
I sit and plug away at Greek.
My student lamp is burning low
As the weary hours come and go;
An atmosphere of chill and gloom
Pervades this boxed-up *body* room
And makes it seem a living tomb,
Or that the "Prisoners of Chillon"
In some past age had come and gone
And left their impress on this floor,
Those gloomy walls, and shaky door,
Which for to ventilate, no doubt,
Some Soph has kicked the panel out,

Or it may be 'twas only done
To give the Soph a little fun
In plying his hydraulic gun.
For very often when at work
I start up sudden with a jerk,
And lo! I'm in a watery realm,
It patters on my *cerebellum*
And then, so chilling, so malign,
Meanders calmly down my spine.

The Seniors, dignified and grave,
Majestically stalk the pave,
The Juniors sweep along the way
Almost as dignified as they,
The Sophomore jolly, light, and gay,
Treads with a ditty in his throat,
A squirt-gun hidden 'neath his coat;
And yaggers unmolested go

About the campus to and fro.

But, ah! whene'er I pass along

A Fresh, a Freshy, is the song

And from each window light and free

The plashing torrents pour on me.

And Sam will grumble day by day

Because I wear the grass away

In walking distant from the halls

Where showering, limpid water falls.

O, if that janitor but knew

What 'tis to feel the sprinkling dew,

To jump whene'er he leaves a door,

He wouldn't grumble any more.

I laid some apples by one day

To cheer me as I toiled away,

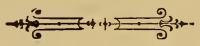
But Sophomore robbers found my store,

I never saw those apples more.

And if, to cure the stomach ache,
I get me something good to take,
As Paul says, "for the stomach's sake,"
And lay it by with greatest care,
When next I look it isn't there.
Thus every pleasure, every joy
Is taken from the Freshman boy.

O hasten on, ye happy day,
When Freshman terrors pass away
And with the envied exit o'er,
A wild and dashing Sophomore,
I'll wake the echoes of the plain
And be a *somebody* again.

THE FRESHMAN'S STORY.



WHEN first I came to Colby
And the shady campus struck,
Though I had some discouragements
I felt myself in luck,
For students came from every class
And shook me by the hand,
And tried to make me feel at home,
I tell you, it was grand.

And as the days went by, they tried
To show me their regard,
They hoped I had an easy time
And didn't study hard.

They treated me to pea-nuts
And to candy every day,
And when I called to see them
They wanted me to stay.

They liked whatever suited me,
And why, I couldn't tell;
I never saw a lot of chaps
That liked me half so well.
They didn't keep me in suspense,
But soon revealed the cause;
They wanted me to join a—well,
I don't know what it was.

A Senior took me by the arm
And led me to his room,
He smiled on me a happy smile,
Was glad that I had come;

His friends admired me, he said,
For common sense and piety,
And I was honored with a bid
To join a Greek society.

Then in a speech two hours long
He told me of its worth;
The biggest, grandest Grecian light
That shines upon the earth.
And with this mystic brotherhood
United I might be.
He said that I would honor them
And they would honor me.

Then other students came along
And talked for other cliques,
And some were men of 'eighty-seven
And some of 'eighty-six.

Now each of these societies
Was mighty, East and West,
And I was quite surprised to find
Each one to be "the best."

Now I had read in early life
The stories Morgan wrote,
And very naturally indeed
I feared a William goat;
Besides, I must confess, the thought
Produced a little fright,
That I should climb a greasy pole
To reach a Grecian light.

But as I felt their fellowship
Unsuited to my mind,
When urged upon to join the Greeks
I finally declined.
There are no pea-nuts now for me,
No candy every day,

And when I call upon the boys
They wish I'd go away.

Now when my Livy flunk is made
In melancholy gloom,
And when I've hunted up my hat
In the Boardman Mission room,
And when I've dodged the element
South College rains so free,
I trudge me sadly down the street,
For no one speaks to me.

Why do those fellows act so queer
And take a distant tone?
I need their friendship even more
Because I am alone.
Ah, me! this is a funny world,
For me no joy awaits,
'Tis rather late to join them now,
I think I'll go to Bates.

THE FRESHMAN AND THE HORSE.

A FRESH who came to Colby
With the honest, true design,
That he wouldn't horse his *Ἑλλάς*
Or his Latin, not a line,
Struggled manful thro' September,
Working early, working late,
Nor in sombrous October
Did his noble zeal abate,

Till the great election battle
November brought around,
When the horns and booming cannon
Shook the colleges and ground;
And then the lad grew weary,
All his exercise or play
Had been ambling down the sidewalk
Just exactly thrice a day.

His spine began a curving out,
His chest a sinking in,
The skin had shrunk upon his face
In one perpetual grin;
His form grew gaunt and thinner,
His ribs began to show,
And he scarce would make a dinner
For a single famished crow.

At last he mused: "'Tis fatal,
My case is growing worse;
I will betake me down to Dorr's
And buy a—yes, a horse;
I might get one in college,
But I think I won't essay,
For fear that Campus Editor
May give the thing away."

And thus the Fresh soliloquized,
And down the street he went.
Soon entered Dorr's establishment
A figure lean and bent.

The clerk leaned o'er the counter
To catch the words perforce,
And heard them uttered faintly,
"Please, sir, I want a horse."

Great Zeus! of all the mockeries
That dash out hope and joy,
He laid upon the counter
A little wooden toy;
The Fresh looked on it sadly,
Then huskily said he
On pushing it away, "I want
A horse on Odyssey."

The guilty Freshman eyed the door
And every nook with dread,
Lest some Professor lurking near
Had heard what he had said.
But there was no Professor nigh
The evil deed to note;
He clutched a horse on Odyssey
And thrust it 'neath his coat.

And then more sly and panting
Than e'er he'd been before
He hurried to the campus,
And for his room and door.
Joyous, ending now his run,
To gain the threshold edge,
Like Tam O'Shanter when he won
The keystone of the bridge.

* * * * *

That guilty Fresh is happy now,
His heart is light and free,
No cloud of sorrow on his brow,
He feels no dread *ennui.*
He tends the reading room and gym,
Is ever on the batter,
That form so ribb'd and gaunt and slim,
Is daily growing fatter.

THE JUNIOR'S FAREWELL TO GREEK.

AH, Greek, I little thought when first
I gazed on thy distorted characters,
Looking so innocent and small and crook'd,
With tails and accents in a jumbled mass,
And all thy wild jaw-breaking complications,
The agony, the headaches, and the sadness,
Aye, and the heartaches, too, that thou
Wouldst bring me in the measured flow
Of five long tiresome and weary years.
For all thy movables and diastole
Augment enclitic paradigm and all
Hiatus crasis and elision, now
I don't care a digamma.

For should I live so long until
My head be hoary with the weight of years,
Or shining with a scarcity of hair
Like some professor of thy literature
Honored and venerable,
And ever through this multitude of years
Be learning Greek, and fling away my life
In thy weird depths inscrutable eternity,
Then sad equivalent for such a price
Would I know something, and be able then
To comprehend and point the places out
Wherein the ancient authors were obscure,
And with sublimely idiotic look
Repeat the parrot cry, "how beautiful!"

And thy appendages of heathen myths
And deities and legends fabulous
Can but remind us of the wondrous tales

(That stirred in their imagination wild
Our youthful blood) told by the pen
Of great Munchausen.
If author of the present day should write
Achievements so absurd and tales outlandish,
To-day's great classicist would frown on him,
Then to his musty ancient hobby turn
And say: "How elegant, how beautiful,
How entertaining, Grecian literature."

The world improves as cycles roll away
And much that is of vantage is retained,
The truly valu'ble is seldom lost,
And, craving pardon, Greek, if thou hadst been
The vehicle most suited to convey
The human sentiment from soul to soul
Thou wouldst not be so practically dead,
Nor when a score of centuries have fled

Send back thy ghost unsavory to haunt
The pallid student of a brighter day.

I praise the steed
That bore me o'er the roughness of the way,
And with his mystic wings across
The yawning chasm where no bridge
Spanned the dark gulf, and through
The gorges intricate and riddlesome
Resounding with the groaning and despair
Of those who, honester than I,
Had struggled hither with a brave intent
As footmen do, and now had paused
With bruised and bleeding feet beside
Some darksome torrent they could never pass.
Others by reason of the length
Of each day's journey hesitated—stopped.
So one by one from out our rugged path

As went the days we missed them,
And then with sadly given parting word
Pressed on our weary way,
Knowing, alas! too well, in all the course
We ne'er would see such welcome face again,
Nor feel their fellow sympathy and cheer
Companions of our sorrow and our joy.

Now, Greek, farewell.
At last I close
Thy thumbed and grimy pages with a sigh,
But not like Byron's prisoner, who made
Friends of his fetters. Not a happy spot,
No bright oasis in the desert drear
In all my reminiscences of Greek
Will turn my truant memory back to thee.

SANDY'S LINDON.

AT Colby when the sun was low,
A falling sounded, blow on blow,
In old South College, where they go
To cut up all their deviltry.
And Sandy saw a wondrous sight,
When he got up and lit the light,—
A liberal bin of anthracite
Lay by his door invitingly.

Now Sandy was a frugal lad,
And great economy he had.
So when he saw the coal—"Bedad,"
Said he, "they treat me lib'rally."

So with his coal-hod fast arrayed,
He fell upon the bait they laid,
But something down his spine that played
Cut short our hero's revelry.

And Sandy had a great nightmare,
And dreamed they fired down the stair
All things that happened to be there,
Both portable and handy;
Of hods and base-ball shoes a score,
A dog and the cat of '84,
That fought and scratched and bit and tore,
And made it hot for Sandy.

HOULTON ACADEMY.

PALLID Luna, through the rifting,
Glances down from cloudy seas
On the time-worn walls, uplifting
Far above surrounding trees;
Pointing up with thousand fingers
To the heaven that's bending o'er,
While the student fondly lingers
Near the old familiar door.

And, beside the well-worn traces
Of the facade, come in view
Shadowy, misty old-time faces,
Shadowy forms that once he knew;
And a pleasant sadness, stealing
O'er the spirit most divine,

Bears him back, in thought and feeling,
To the days of old lang syne.

Lo! a student toiling dreary
Through the years as on they roll,
Oft discouraged, sad, and weary,
Presses onward to the goal;
Toiling thro' with ancient nations,
Cæsar's vivid Gallic wars,
Struggling with the dull orations
To the Roman senators.

Where the broad Euphrates flows, and
Where the winding Tigris lay,
With the ancient Greek ten thousand
Wandering he lost his way;
And he follows eager ever,
By the low descending sun,
By the Babylonian river,
And the Persian battle done.

And Cunaxa's hillocks gory
With the blood of thousands flow
In the old Athenian's story
Of the struggle long ago,
And the lips that in the morning
Cheering from the phalanx rolled,
Lay with evening dew adorning
In the moonlight pale and cold.

In a land of Persian strangers
Weary Grecians rest the head
Worn with toil and battle dangers,
Cyrus numbered with the dead.
Still in fancy Isle Eubœa
Rises to their eager eyes,
And with vine-clad hills Morea
Nestling under sunny skies.

Still there's joy for labor's wages,
And the student loves to dwell

On the old Æneid pages
Gifted Virgil wrote so well;
Lo! the Grecian armor gleaming
From the Epeon decoy,
And the fiery banners streaming
O'er the homes of ruined Troy.

And the hope that erst was given
Ilian Hector could not save,
And the Trojans forth are driven
Over every ocean wave,
Where the foamy surges tremble
From the hollow ocean roar,
Wrecked and weary they assemble
On the Carthaginian shore.

And the student still is bending
O'er the gems of ancient lore,
While the evening shades descending
Weirdly glide upon the floor

With their phantoms chill and dreary,
While the hours come and go
Till the aching brow is weary,
Till the vigil lamp is low.

Now 'tis over; and he lingers
Near his alma mater's door,
And above the elmen fingers
Sway as in the days of yore,
But the towering walls before him
Shall no more their story tell,
For the breezes wafting o'er him
Mingle with his last farewell.

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